



THE GIRL IN RED.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Arthur Gray rescues from death a beautiful girl who is dressed from head to foot in vivid red. He declares himself to be in love with her and resolves to win her. She is accompanied by her father's secretary, a timid little man named Jared Symes. Gray saves her from a fire and she is attacked by Simon Farjeon, a banker, who also loves the Girl in Red. Farjeon vows vengeance against Gray.

CHAPTER II.

The Parents.

ARTHUR GRAY, somewhat belatedly remembered, had promised to meet his mother at the entrance to Flak's department store in half an hour. So many and such exciting events had been crowded into the brief time since the half hour had long since elapsed.

He hurried across the street and entered the store. Mrs. Gray was not at the door and he wandered through the throngs at the counters in search of her.

A glance at his watch showed him he still had several minutes to spare and he retraced his steps toward the street, threading his way cautiously among the shoppers. He had scarcely ad-

vanced ten steps when his eye caught a flaming bit of red among the carnival of color formed by the many costumes. "It's the Girl in Red!" he murmured to himself and he hurried toward her. She was just completing a purchase at the handkerchief counter and he caught from the salesgirl a small parcel and some change.

A few more strides would have brought him up to her; but 4 women just in front of him suddenly discovered each others' presence and went into raptures and embraces over the happy quadruple meeting. The flow of shoppers toward the door was blocked by the quartet—an inextricable tangle ensued, and Arthur, falling to "go through the centre," tried vainly for "a run around the end."

Several minutes elapsed before he could get through to the handkerchief counter. As he reached it, the Girl in Red had departed. He scanned the crowd eagerly for a glimpse of her, but in vain. As a last resort he turned to the salesgirl.

"Can you tell me?"—he began, then stopped.

"The salesgirl was well worth a second glance. A slender figure, almost too short for perfect beauty, a rose leaf complexion, a mischievously tilted nose and big topaz eyes, a broad, low forehead crowned by masses of bronze colored hair: These would ordinarily have been enough to attract his gaze. But the look he bent on her was one not merely of admiration, but of recognition as well.

"Pardon me," he said, doubtfully, "but aren't you Kathleen—I mean Miss Vernon?"

"Yes, I'm Kathleen Vernon," she answered with a frank smile, "and you're Mr. Arthur Gray, aren't you? I was sure I recognized you."

"But—"

"But what am I doing here? I am working—working for a living."

"But your father?"

"Yes," she interposed, her face reddening. "My father was wealthy and I had every prospect of more money than I could spend. When we met you and Mrs. Gray at Raquette Lake that summer, 3 years ago, I had no idea I should ever have to earn my own living. Last year my father died. By his will he left me his whole fortune. But, after his death, a later will was brought forward, leaving his whole estate to his nephew, my cousin. I was penniless."

"But why—but surely such a will would not stand in law. You contested it, of course?"

"No. If it was my father's wish that his money should go elsewhere that wish is sacred to me. He loved me dearly and he must have had some good reason for disinherit me. He was always wise and I know he acted for the best. So I made no attempt to break the will. Still it is hard sometimes," she ended with a little sigh.

"Hard! I should say it was! Has this nephew done anything for you?"

"He had once asked me to marry him. That was during my father's lifetime. I refused him. He never saw me again. He refused to do anything

for me when my father died."

"Nice sort of brute he must be!" commented Gray.

"Oh, I dare say. Mr. Farjeon thought he had no moral obligation."

"Mr. Farjeon? Not Simon Farjeon, the banker, by any chance?"

"Why, yes," she said, in surprise. "Do you know him?"

"Slightly," replied Arthur, glancing down at his hand, which still tingled from the wrench he had given Farjeon's wrist.

"You had started to ask me a question just before you recognized me," observed Kathleen, changing the subject.

"Oh, yes. The Girl in Red. She was at this counter. Who is she?"

"The Girl in Red?" repeated Kathleen, musingly. "So that's what you call her, is it? Not a bad name, either."

"What's her real name?"

"I don't know. There is something strange about her. Every Wednesday at almost exactly the same hour she

seldom sees that shade of dress in the handkerchief? Never anything 'else' How odd!"

"Isn't it? But why did you want to

know who she is?"

"Because," stammered Gray, haltingly, "because—well, the fact is, I'm afraid I'm very much in love with her."

He glanced sheepishly at her, expecting a laugh. But Kathleen was grave.

"I am sorry to hear that," she said, "because I don't think you and she would make one another happy. I may be wrong, of course. I hope I am."

"I'm sure you are," cried Arthur, impulsively. "Look here! I don't know why I say all this to you, for I've no right to expect that it can be of any interest to you, and it's beastly bad form to discuss such matters anyway. But I've never been in love before, and—and it's hit me rather hard. Won't you help me?"

"Yes," said the girl after a pause. "I will help you. What can I do?"

"Thank you a thousand times!" exclaimed Gray. "Where does she live?"

"I don't know that either. Once or twice I've asked her if I should send her purchases home, but she always refuses. I don't like to ask her what her name is."

"And she always buys just one lace

comes in here, always dressed in vivid red. She comes straight to this counter and buys one lace handkerchief. Then she talks to me for perhaps a minute and goes away."

"Let's try to find out where she lives. I came here. Nor have I seen her in any other color than flaming red. One

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From Shop to-Shop
of the Girl in Red.

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13 OTHER PRIZES, EACH.....\$5

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me the chance of seeing you and hearing you speak. Won't you let me call and express my thanks to you in person? Please do."

It was such a note as a schoolboy might have written to a dancing-school sweetheart. But Gray could think of nothing better. He handed the card to Kathleen.

"Won't you please wrap that up in the next lace handkerchief she buys?" he said, persuasively. "You know me. You know my family. You know that I am a gentleman, and that I'll take no unworthy advantage of such an acquaintance. You believe that, don't you?"

"If I did not," said Kathleen, a little sadly, "should I be helping you to meet her?"

"Here comes my mother," broke in Gray. "I want her to meet you again."

Mrs. Gray eagerly renewed the old acquaintance with the girl she had last seen in affluence. Leaving the two talking together, Arthur strolled

to the front of the store and thence to the street, where he gazed sentimentally at the crowded spot where he had first seen the Girl in Red.

As he stood there two women paused at the entrance of the store. He caught a fragment of their talk, then advanced eagerly toward them.

"Yes," one of them was saying, "it's the same girl, I'm sure, though I only caught a mere glimpse of her in the crowd just now."

"The same girl you were telling me of?" asked the second woman; "the girl who always dresses in red?"

"Yes. She wears that idiotic costume even to town. It's bad enough for her to dress like that in the country. Every day I see her drive or ride past our house and always in red. She lives only about a mile beyond us and—"

"I beg your pardon," said Gray, advancing deferentially toward the speaker and raising his hat. "Haven't I the pleasure of addressing my mother's old friend Mrs. Halliday, of Yonkers?"

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How to Tell the Age
of the Girl in Red.

To begin with, the Girl in Red is in her teens and there is no fraction in her age. She is so many integer years and so many integer months old. You have that information to start with.

Now then, to find her age: There will be twelve chapters in this story and in each chapter three of the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 will be printed as numbers or figures—not spelled out. One of these numbers is to be selected each day—you must pick one of the three yourself—and when the story is completed add the four selected numbers in the first four chapters, subtract the selected number in the fifth, add the numbers in the sixth, seventh and eighth chapters, subtract the number in the ninth, add the number in the tenth, multiply by the number in the eleventh and divide by the number in the twelfth. The quotient and remainder will be the Girl in Red's age in years and months. And remember she is under twenty. Read the story carefully and you may find therein something that will give you a clue to her age. The number in the first chapter was 3.

Fill out this blank when the story is completed and send it to "Girl in Red" Editor Evening World, P. O. Box 134, New York City. The story will end Saturday, Dec. 5, but answers will be received up to noon Monday, Dec. 7.

The Girl in Red's Age.....Years.....Months
Sender's Name.....
Address.....

No. of Chap. The Right Number. No. of Chap. The Right Number. No. of Chap. The Right Number.

1 3 5 Subtract 9 Subtract

2 Add 6 Add 10 Add

3 Add 7 Add 11 Multiply by

4 Add 8 Add 12 Divide by

The Girl in Red's Age.....Years.....Months
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preciously at him and gripping her pocket-book tightly. "My name's Saunders and I live in Nyack!"

Gray apologized and withdrew, smiling gleefully at the success of his ruse. "So my Girl in Red lives in Nyack," he muttered half aloud, "about a mile beyond the house of a woman named

Saunders. The next train to Nyack ought to leave in an hour or so at latest. I'll be a passenger on that train."

"So shall I," murmured a man who had been standing so close behind, as though to overhear the low-spoken words.

(To Be Continued.)

WHERE WOMEN VOTE.

Over eight hundred and fifty thousand women voters will, it is said, go to the polls at the coming Australian federal elections. The Victoria ladies will stand on an "equality of women, national health and international industrial peace platform." Much excitement is felt as to the results of the female vote.

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